

THE PILOT

Southern Pines North Carolina

"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep this a good paper. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Wherever there seems to be an occasion to use our influence for the public good we will try to do it. And we will treat everybody alike."—James Boyd, May 23, 1941.

Must We Send Children To Prison?

In Moore County Superior Court at Carthage on Monday, two boys, ages 13 and 14, were sentenced to 18 to 36 months in prison for breaking and entering and auto larceny—"prison" in such cases meaning usually assignment to a road work camp.

Whatever the circumstances, that is shocking—yet shock turns to frustrated perplexity when the testimony in the case is examined. It actually appears that the State of North Carolina had no alternative in this case—which leads us to ask if there is not a significant gap in the State's facilities for confinement and rehabilitation of "incorrigible" juvenile offenders.

The two boys in the case this week had been at Morrison Training School near Hoffman (the younger one had first stolen an automobile at the age of nine and both have long records of various offenses); they left the school—where there is no forcible confinement—and had stolen two cars, one in Pinebluff and one in Aberdeen where they also broke into a bottling company and had done about \$500 worth of damage breaking open cold drink machines to obtain about \$12 in change from them.

The superintendent of the Training School, a man whose competence and good judgment in his field are generally recognized, admitted in court that the Training School was unable to do anything more for these boys: they were indeed incorrigible.

In sentencing the boys, the presiding judge gave them a lecture, telling them that unless they mended their ways, they could look forward to spending most of their lives in confinement. Persons in the courtroom say that all the officials concerned appeared to be distressed about the outcome of the trial, but could find no alternative.

Our question is: shouldn't there be an alternative—an established procedure, for such cases? Certainly, there must be more than two incorrigibly delinquent boys in the State of North Carolina, though we suspect that the pair in court this week would head the list.

Should there not be some smaller institution, staffed by experts in juvenile rehabilitation, to which such young offenders could be assigned? It is hard to believe that any boy of 13 or 14 is beyond redemption;

and sentencing boys of this age to prison with adult offenders would seem to be equivalent to sentencing them to a life of crime.

From their appearance in the courtroom, these boys seemed alert and intelligent. What an admission it is that all the might and majesty and wealth and resources of the State of North Carolina are powerless to heal their wounds of mind and heart and conscience and turn them from darkness toward the light!

We feel that some more humane and effective solution must be found in the case of these two boys—and that some permanent procedure should be established for dealing with other cases of this sort.

Welcome, Tennis Players!

The Pilot, long an advocate of tennis in Southern Pines, welcomes the young people and adults playing this week in two tournaments here. We recognize the Sandhills Tennis Association for sponsoring these tournaments and we commend members of the Association and other persons whose efforts have gone into preparing for and conducting the two events this week.

Tennis has always played second fiddle in Southern Pines to the spotlighted golf and equestrian activities, yet we feel that tennis is valuable in rounding out the sports life of the community. While it seems always to be a struggle to keep tennis going here, we think the effort is worth the goal and would not be surprised to see the status of the sport rising here in the next few years.

Oldtimers recall the time, 25 years and more ago, when tennis was played at country clubs in the Sandhills and nationally known stars appeared in an annual tournament at Pinehurst. Exactly why tennis on this scale withered and died in the Sandhills we do not know and, in view of the area's increasing importance in golf, we suppose no one need mourn. Yet we recall with pleasure those long-ago tennis tournaments at Pinehurst.

We urge readers to help welcome visiting players and show their appreciation for the Tennis Association's efforts by watching convenient matches of the tournament that begins here today.

A Lesson From The Jitters

It is a strange situation when a possible brightening in hopes for peace—because of the Eisenhower-Kruschev visits—give the stock market the jitters and millions of dollars are wiped off the value of listed securities, especially those in the defense category.

While the drop was not very great and, given the way the stock market operates, was to be expected, the phenomenon has caused considerable editorializing around the country on the matter of national values.

The market drop gave Soviet propagandists a fine opportunity to speak gloatingly of the panic of capitalist munitions makers and warmongers. The market's reaction to mention of peace, while not in our opinion of any great significance, has brought many people out of the rut of unrelieved "defense

thinking." Commentators on the market, indeed, have attempted to allay fears by pointing out the vast potential for American business and enterprise in peaceful projects, revealing the bright destiny the nation would face if by some miracle the huge millstone of defense spending were removed from our necks.

Actually, defense spending income, vast though it is, is a relatively small proportion of our national income. We by no means have to choose between guns and butter.

If the stock market dip has made us realize that peace is the greatest goal of all—and also a goal compatible with national development and prosperity, those millions wiped from stock values will not have been lost in vain.

Essence Of America

Looking ahead to Premier Krushchev's visit to the United States, The New York Times asks and eloquently answers the question, "What is the essence of our society, of our civilization?"—the quality that we would most hope the Soviet leader could grasp while he is in this nation.

Still Dangerous

The tragic death of electrocution of a 13-year-old Robbins boy serves to remind us of the lurking danger in the great force—electricity—which we have harnessed and use so casually every day.

The Robbins accident was of almost a freak nature: a lamp fell into a tub in which the boy was taking a bath. Now that most bathrooms have wall switches, there are many fewer accidents involving electricity. When people used to stand up in both tubs to switch on overhead or wall fixtures with metal pull chains, there used to be many more such accidents.

Yet instruction as to the dangers in electricity should be a primary item on the educational agenda of parents. Happily almost disappeared, too, are the old socket type of base plugs—the kind with a little hinged cover. Mothers in those days lived in terror of a crawling child putting his fingers in one of the sockets.

Equipment manufacturers and builders, cooperating with electric power companies, have done much to take the danger out of using electricity, yet there is still danger and children should be taught very carefully how to avoid it.

The Times does not think that the abundance of our material wealth will be very impressive to the premier, nor is it that essence we would like to make clear:

"But the essence of America is not its wealth. We were far poorer than we are today in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, yet increasing millions flocked here from foreign soil. There was not an automobile or a television set or a refrigerator in our entire land when Emma Lazarus, seventy-six years ago, captured some of the essence of our nation in her immortal lines for the Statue of Liberty: 'Give me your tired, your poor, /Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, /The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.'"

"America is a nation of men and women who yearn 'to breathe free.' If he could only understand this, Premier Krushchev would know more about the essence of America than all the physical evidence of our wealth could ever tell him. From pioneer days the American dream has always been of a nation whose members decide their own fates and who are subject to no arbitrary power that stands higher than the law or public opinion. It is no accident that our Constitution provides for a government of checks and balances, that our corporations are hemmed in by anti-trust laws, and that a struggle now rages about what limitations should be placed on the leaders of our powerful labor unions."

It is all this that makes the American way of life better, in our convictions, than the Russian. It may be too much to hope that Premier Krushchev will ever begin to understand this, but we hope that somebody will try to put it across.

THE CLOCK OF PROGRESS IS STOPPED

What Killed N. C. Court Reform?

Believing that the proposals for court reform in North Carolina—a program that was killed in the 1959 General Assembly—should be kept before the people of the state, The Pilot is printing excerpts from a recent speech of J. Spencer Bell, chairman of the North Carolina Bar Association's Committee on Improving and Expediting the Administration of Justice.

In the first portion of this speech, appearing on this page last week, Mr. Bell told about the four-year study of the state's courts, made by the committee with the assistance of hundreds of lawyers; and the committee's recommendations to improve the quality and efficiency of justice by setting up a state-wide unified court system administered by the Supreme Court of North Carolina, to fix responsibility and authority for the courts' operation. Mr. Bell also pointed out that the proposals killed by the General Assembly were in the form of constitutional changes which ultimately would have been voted on by the people of the state.

A second excerpt appears herewith, to be followed by the concluding portion next week:

The record does not prove that the re-apportionment issue was introduced into the Constitution for the sole purpose of killing the court program. The record seldom proves these matters beyond dispute, but Senator Jolly, who introduced the amendment, and Senator Warren, who blocked the third reading of a separate bill dealing only with the courts, well knew that the identical re-apportionment proposal had been voted down by the people in 1954. The fairest thing that can be said was that they were perfectly willing to jeopardize the court program by insisting that it be tied in a package with the discredited re-apportionment provision.

Dubious Honor

On the floor of the Senate, Senator Warren charged that Governor Hodges and I had killed the court bill, but the record does not bear him out. If we are to believe the reports of all of the daily papers of the State which had reporters present in the House, the good Senator left his place in the Senate, took a seat beside Mr. Kerr in the House and supported him in amendments whose sole purpose was to gut the court proposals, and this even after the re-apportionment provisions were imbedded in the proposed Constitution. The papers reported Senator Warren, in a speech to the Rotary Club in his home town of Washington, N. C., as saying that he was glad that he had fought the proposals of the Committee. Well, I'm glad the old gentleman is glad—whether he wants the credit for killing the bill or whether he wants us to have the dubious honor is not something that I am going to spend much time worrying about.

For the time-being the bill is killed and that is what is important.

For the time-being the clock of progress is stopped.

In J. P. Courts

For each of the next two years, more than 88,000 citizens will experience North Carolina justice in the J. P. courts. Many of them will appear before men who can hardly read or write, and 99 per cent of whom have no legal education whatsoever. All of them

"Say, Those Local Officials Down There Are Serious About That Law-And-Order Stuff"



must find an accused guilty or they earn no fee.

Are the distinguished Senator and his supporters glad to have the honor of perpetuating this system?

For each of the next two years, between six and seven hundred thousand citizens of our State will experience North Carolina justice in the so-called police courts where you and the ladies in your family who violate the traffic regulations of the State will rub shoulders with the alcoholics and the prostitutes who regularly frequent these places—courts in many cases organized and oriented to the task of making money—not rehabilitating criminals; courts where the costs collected exceed the expenses of operation by more than three-quarter-million dollars; courts which rarely provide the constitutionally guaranteed right of jury trial to the poor wage earner who cannot afford the expense of attorney's fees for appealing to the higher courts where his rights are better protected.

I trust these facts, too, make

glad the heart of the distinguished Senator and his colleagues who killed the court bill.

Literally thousands of our citizens—rich and poor alike—stand by helpless while the Superior Courts of this State continue to procrastinate while witnesses disappear or die and memories grow cold. Justice will be denied because it will be delayed until many will settle for a fraction of their loss. Our figures indicate that over 114,000 man hours will be lost by witnesses forced to attend court to testify in trials which will not take place because some lawyer, or court attendant or judge wasn't where he should have been.

Surely this will please the good Senator and his colleagues.

Now in all seriousness, of course I do not believe these distinguished gentlemen actually want these things to happen, but they will happen. Nor did these distinguished gentlemen come forward with one single constructive suggestion to prevent these things from happening.

(To be concluded next week)

Quit Fussing About The Old Folks!

The Rockingham Post-Dispatch notes that the physician writer of a newspaper health column suggests the foundation of a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Aged Parents by Their Loving and Over-solicitous Children." And the Post-Dispatch continues:

Do we hear applause from senior citizens throughout the land?

Every doctor, every writer on health has received hundreds of queries like these: "My 80-year-old father has had a slight stroke. Shouldn't he give up his evening highball?" "My elderly father has high blood pressure, but he won't give up his pipe." "I've tried to put my 75-year-old mother on a diet but she won't cooperate." "I want to buy my parents a retirement home in Florida, but Papa insists on staying in the old homestead where he strains his heart shoveling snow and chopping wood." Papa may like to chop wood.

He likes his pipe, his apple pie even, perhaps, an occasional glass of beer. If he wants to chop or smoke or eat or drink himself into an early grave at the age of 80, who has a better right? But his children want to treat him like a child.

Elderly people will, of course, feel better, avoid minor illnesses, and be able to do more if they follow the basic rules for healthy living. A regular checkup by the family doctor and reasonable attention to his suggestions is wise procedure. But no amount of fussing by the younger generation will help. It can do harm, by making healthy elders into burdensome hypochondriacs.

The young people would do better to think about their own old age. How they live, what they eat in the 40's and 50's will directly affect their health in later years. Let them prepare for a healthy old age, and maybe they can avoid the well-meant but unwelcome interference of their children.

Grains of Sand

Not Guilty

Mrs. Dorothy H. Avery, former Moore County librarian who is now living at Canton in Western North Carolina, clipped from a recent article on this page a paragraph in which the writer condemns as "mayhem on the language" the use of the terms, "the Rev. Smith" and "Rev. Smith." Underneath the pasted-up clipping, Mrs. Avery notes: "And the very literate 'Pilot' is as guilty of this offense as the 'Podunk News! Shame on it!'"

Begging your pardon, ma'am, but we disagree! The Pilot follows the custom of the best newspapers, a custom approved by Webster's International Dictionary and also by Margaret Nicholson's Dictionary of American-English Usage, a book that is based on the classic volume in this field, Fowler's English Usage.

We do not write, "the Rev. Smith" or "Rev. Smith." We write, on first mention of a minister, with his full name, "the Rev. John Smith." On second mention in the same story, he becomes either "the Rev., Mr. Smith" or simply "Mr. Smith." The "mayhem on the language" consists in omitting the "the" before "Rev." or "Rev. Mr." While we would admit an occasional unintentional error or misprint, we do not plead guilty to Mrs. Avery's charge.

Use Of Plural

Something new we learned about "Rev." from the Dictionary of American-English Usage is how to handle the plural of this abbreviation, as in a list of several clergymen. This may be of interest to readers and serve also to reduce the dreaded "mayhem on the language."

To quote: "... Since 'reverend' is an adjective (and not, like 'parson' in the now disused 'Parson Jones and Smith,' a noun), there is neither occasion for nor correctness in such forms as 'Revs.' and 'Revs.:' the Rev. J. Smith, W. H. Jones, P. Brown and others' is the way to put it. If the initials, or some of them, are not known, it should run 'the Rev. J. Smith, Messrs. Jones and Brown, Dr. Robinson and other clergy.'"

Confusion

Frank P. Smith of Fairway Drive in Kenwood tells us that he is getting telephone calls intended for Col. Frank M. Smith of Country Club Drive, who has moved to Southern Pines since the publication of the most recent telephone directory and is therefore not yet listed.

Frank P. Smith says that when Colonel Smith moved here, this newspaper incorrectly referred to Colonel Smith in a news item as Col. Frank P. Smith and to his residence as Fairway Drive.

The confusion about the streets probably arose because the portion of Country Club Drive on which Colonel Smith lives used to be known as Fairway Road.

This item may serve to inform the public of the distinction of these two Frank Smiths: Col. Frank M. Smith of Country Club Drive and Frank P. Smith of Fairway Drive in Kenwood.

Just to complicate the matter, there is Father Francis M. Smith, priest at St. Anthony's Catholic Church (Colonel Smith's first name, we are told, is also Francis, though he is usually called Frank); and the telephone directory also lists a Frank E. Smith of North Bennett St.

Hail Science!

Sometimes, in this age of science, we think our preoccupations in this corner are too frivolous.

Do readers know, for instance, that the force of gravity varies over the earth's surface: it gets weaker as one travels toward the equator or farther above sea level.

A javelin thrown in the Panama Canal Zone would travel three and a half inches farther than in Madison, Wis. It would travel about one foot farther than at the North Pole. And so forth. Ain't science wonderful?

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"Boy, The Fallout Is Terrific"



Great Victory

A great international victory was fashioned in the strictly American island of Hawaii. The election of Governors, senators, and Congressmen with names such as Inouye and Fong was all that was needed. We need not crow about it in the propaganda mill. The people of many countries will get the point without having it drummed into their ears.

The Hawaiian elections proved that America is indeed the land of the free and that there is absolutely no bar to the burgeoning out of the best that is in any man—be his name Smith or Inouye—except in the minds of our people.

It proves that education, and the operation of tolerance and American fair play can produce harmonious results in relations between people. And it proves a basic thing—that the ballot box is the ultimate expression of the American Dream and that the most exciting things in American life are apt to happen in the voting booth.

—Bertie Ledger-Advance (Windsor, N. C.)